W. P. WALTON.

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### K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

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# ISABEI

-OR,-

## From Shop to Mansion.

THE ROMANTIC STORY

## DRESS-MAKER'S RISE IN LIFE.

"He is going to New York and he wishes me to go with him," she admitted.

"Ah! I see through the whole conspiracy," said Isabel, drawing a long breath of delighted relief. "We are going to New York to ask papa and mamma's consent, and after that, orange blossoms and a clergyman; oh! you sly puss, to invent such an improved and economical method of paying doctor's

bills. I have guessed it, haven't li" "Yes," replied Lottie, laugning; "but upon the plan of no cure, no pay," she continued, "for I have positively refused to burden him with my poor helpiess self, under any circumstances, unless I recover entirely. I love him too well to burden him with a helpless wife."

"As if he wasn't big and strong enough to carry your burdens with one finger," laughed Isabel. "If you did nothing but sit in a chair and smile at him, you could help him more than the most of women with

their full strength." "Still I shall insist on my proviso," resumed Lottie, with gentle obstinacy; "but if the door, to Isabel's intense relief. I am well, in six months I have promised to

be his wife." "And I think you have made a wise choice, for I believe Dr. Conroy to be worthy of even my Lottie," and she kissed

the sweet, patient face lovingly; "but what will Gracie do for her little governess?" 'You will find some other poor little girl who needs your kindly assistance, dear." replied Lottie, gratefully. "What a bless-

mg it is to have the power of creating so much happiness, Isabel.' "I assure you I feel grateful for it every day," replied Isabel, thoughtfully. "How

little we dreamed of the future in store for ns six months ago, writhing under the stings of Mme. Arnot's prickly temper." "You have never visited the South?"

said Major Carrington, as they sat around the table in the spacious dining-room. Dessert had been brought in, and they were thatting over it leisurely.
"Never, except on the briefest of busi-

aess trips," replied Mr. Falconer.

"In some respects our glory has departed," said the Major, thoughtfully, though in others there is a change for the

"The war must have wrought great thanges," said Mr. Falconer, "especially in the relations of the higher classes with the laboring class."

"Yes, it is so, and though it was like the very bitterness of death to give up our old deas, I am not sure that many of us would be willing to take them back again. There is a new future and a new race springing up in the South-a future of mechanism and development, and a race of earnest, active thinkers.

"The old phase of haughty indolence is being merged into a share of your Yankee ambition and thruft; but I am anxious that you should see all this for yourself. When shall we look for an extended visit from you?" and he looked inquiringly at Mr. Fal-

"We had thought of spending Christmas in New York," replied Mr. Falconer, "but, perhaps, that visit can be deferred in favor

"I should like to have you see our Christ. mas festivities, though, of course, the plantation life is not what it once was, yet we keep up the old customs as far as pos-

"My wife and daughters will be so anxlous to meet you." he continued, turning to Isabel. "We have so often speculated in regard to the little babe of our dear sister Aticia. Her mother is still living, and will welcome you with open arms. I made one trip to the North in the hope of finding you," resumed the Major, seeing that she was too near to happy tears to reply. It was so sweet to her to hear of these family ties, so new and unexpected. "But it seemed as hopeless a quest as if the earth had opened and swallowed you up. I even

finding some humble stone to mark our sister's grave, or some trace of old Chloe." "Your search might be more successful now." observed Mr. Falconer, "as Isabel caused a small monument to be erected over her mother's grave, in the hope that some of her family might find it, as well as a

bunted rural cemeteries in the hope of

tribute of affection from herself." "I am glad; it has been a source of sorrow to us all that one so dear should be lying in a neglected grave so far away, and poor old Chloe?" he spoke interrogatively. "Was buried near her," replied Isabel, "she begged to be buried near her dear young mistress; I placed a small stone at

her grave also." The Major smiled at her kindly. "I see you are a true scion of the old stock; the Pembrokes are a family of rare sympathies and generous tendencies, and I am happy to see that you have these qualities which de our Alicia so dear to us."

The Major took his leave in the evening,

Southern trip with happy anticipations. Mr. Falconer had written to Mrs. Stanford explaining their reasons for the change in their plans, and had received from her hearty congratulations and commendation of the proposed visit. The time was now near at hand, and the preparations nearly completed for the trip, when Mr. Falconer came home with a deeply flushed face, and with a wild, restless look in his eyes, very unusual with him; for some days past Isabel had noticed that he did not seem in his usual spirits, but had attributed the fact to

some slight indisposition. "Are you sick, Mr. Falconer," she said, in alarm, as he sat looking moodily into the fire; it was now November. "I do not know," he replied, passing his

hand over his forehead wearily. "I have had a headache for several days, and it feels so strange to-day; as if there were a bumble bee in it." "Let me bathe it for you," she said, bring-

ing a bottle of cologne. She stood by his side and bathed his head in the refreshing liquid until he fell into a restless slumber, and she noted that his breathing was hurried and uneven.

"It is a severe cold he has taken," she whispered to herself, endeavoring to quiet her own uneasiness; his entrance into his home was always so genial and kindly that she was the more alarmed by this strange, meedy arrival.

He awoke with a start, "Where am I?" he cried, wildly. "Here,my husband at home," she replied,

"Oh! yes, at home; home is where love is. Isabel," he cried, more wildly than he had yet spoken, "do you love met I have loved you with all the strength of my strong manhood, and waited patiently for your love." In her terror and excitement Isabel's inherent truthfulness was still predominant, and she answered him gently: "You wish

me to tell you the truth, do you not?" "Yes, yes, the truth," he said, fretfully. "Then I will say that I do not know," answered, still smoothing his hair and brow with her white hand; "my feelings are so mingled with gratitude and respect that I actually can not tell whether love has entered into my heart or not. I honor and re-

spect you above all men, my husband." "Yes, always honor and respect," he muttered, irritably, in a tone so foreign to any that he had ever used toward her that her alarm increased every moment; "respect and gratitude, but no love," and even

as he spoke he settled back into a doze. Isabel flew to the hall, and calling Mrs. Montford, begged her to send Tem for Dr. Conroy at once.

"My dear," she said, soothingly, placing her hand on his arm as he again awoke with a nervous start, "you had better go to bed and rest, and you will feel better in

He brushed her hand from his arm with a gesture of repulsion. "Don't call medcar; I want no hypocrisy," he said, harshly. "But you are dear; the dearest friend I have in the world," and the tears almost

choked her as she spoke. "Oh, a friend, ch?" He spoke sneeringly, with a bitter laugh, the terrible laugh of a man who is not himself.

"Wen't you go to bed?" she asked him,

"To bed!" He looked at her with his heavy eyes, from which the light of reason was fast departing. "What should I go to bed for! A business man has no time for day successing. Where's my hat!" and he struggled to get away from her detaining grasp. Happily, Dr. Conroy was near at hand, and with Mrs. Montford now appeared in

The doctor's experience taught him how to deal with the sick man, and he soon succeeded in getting him into bed and under the influence of powerful remedies,

"What do you think of him!" said Isabel, as she followed Dr. Conroy into the hall, her eyes moist with tears, and a heart sinking

with apprehersion. "He is a very sick man, Mrs. Falconer." he replied, gravely; "it would be a useless kindness to pretend any thing else. He shows every indication of having entered a flerce struggle for life, and all we can do is to hope and pray for the best," and pressing her hand in his with unspoken sympathy. he turned and left her, the hot tears stream ing from her eyes and her heart lifted in prayer as it never had been before for help in this her hour of urgent need.

CHAPTER X.

In the following weeks Isabei had need of all her firmness and presence of mind, for, as Dr. Courcy had said, there was a prolonged struggle for life in the sick room; the first week had been one of delirious raving, and her heart sank within her as she repeatedly heard him muttering. "She does not love me; she does not love me," in such sad tones that it pierced her very

She knew her own heart now fully; in those terrible nights of watching, when she had sat beside him, breathless with fear and suspense, the thought had come to her in all its chilling force -of what life would be to her without him, and she knew that she loved him with a deep devotion which would last through eternity.

She told him so again and again, as she knelt by his bedside, but he only looked at



A PAIR OF SOFT ARMS STOLE AROUND HER. her with a blank stare, not comprehending

or caring for the intelligence which would

have made him so happy in health. She kissed his fevered face and bathed it in tears of contrition as she bemoaned the answer she had given him in that last moment of partial sanity, when he had asked her if she loved him. And yet, how could she have answered him differently, without being sure of her own feelings.

Mrs. Montford had brought her skill and experience into the sick-room at once, scorning Dr. Couroy's proposition to install a hired nurse there, and had shared the young wife's vigil with unwearied devotion. Gracie wandered through the house disconsolately, and even Lottie's unvarying sweetness and care could not console her

for the loss of her parents' society. A telegram had been sent to Mrs. Stanford at the first, and as Isabel was sitting one day in the darkened chambers, her hands clasped over her face in deepest dejection, the door of the winter at Elm Park, and had decidopened and a light step entered the room. ed to go as soon as the invalid was strong A pair of soft arms stole around her neck,

and Isabel began to look forward to her and a sweet voice whispered in her ear: Dear auntie, as mainma was not well, I

have come to help you nurse Uncle Harvey. It was Lillian, and Isabel leaned her head wearily on the young bride's shoulder, and commenced the acquaintance with a burst of

Lillian had a rare fa culty in a sick-room; her steps were so noiseless, and she was so far removed from fussiness, and with an excellent memory, she could always be ended on to carry out every direction of the physician.

Isabel could rest, so far as her overwhelming anxiety would allow her to, with perfect confidence that Mrs. Montford and Lillian were doing all for him which could be done.

Toe delirium had given way to a heavy stuper, and there must soon be a change for the better or worse, and the change was awaited with breatnless interest.

"Do not grieve so, dear auntie," said Lillian, gently, when Isabel, overcome by the thought that he might die, had given way to violent weeping. "Uncle Harvey has such a grand constitution, you know; why, I am perfectly astonished at him for being sick at all, it is an unprecedented performance on his part, I can assure you."

Her gentle raillery was better in this case than sympathy, and hope sprung up anew in the wife's heart, and she begun to look forward more cheerfully to the expected turn in the disease.

It was her night to watch with him, and she took her place by the bedside with a more hopeful spirit than she had cherished since he had been sick.

About midnight she noticed that he breathed more naturally, and, going close to him, she noticed with a heart throbbing with delight that there was a faint sparkle of moisture on his hitherto parched and strained forehead; she took her handkerchief and gently wiped it off, fearing she might be mistaken, but no, it was true, and in a few moments it reappeared and she knew he was better. "Oh, God, I thank Thee," she cried, as she sank upon her knees in mute thanksgiving.

Perhaps the great emotion of her heart awoke a sympathetic chord in his, for in a few moments he opened his eyes, and, looking at her with glad recognition, whispered, feebly: "Isabel."

"My love! my darling!" she whispered softly in his ear. He seemed to struggle with memory, "You do love me, then," he whispered,

"Better than my life, dearest love," she said, gently pressing her lips to his: He smiled wearily, like a tired child, and

with a look of ineffable content dropped off to sleep again, while she sat by his side in a "How is he?" said Mrs. Montford, who

came in to relieve her watch. "He is better," she whispered. "He knows me and spoke to me." "Thank the Lord for His mercies !" said

the good woman, ferventiv, and, taking Isabei in her arms as if she had been her own "now go to bed, dearle, and sleep ike a top until morning." The sun was high when the overtaxed wife awoke from her long and dreamless

slumber; the slumber of sweet relief after long days and nights of weariness and agonizing suspense, and she hurriedly dressed herself and went into the sick-room. Lillian was there, and her husband was aware. He greeted her with a smile, infantile in its weakness, yet full of love and

glad words of love and thankfulness into "Have I, then, been so very sick!" he asked, feebly, as her tears of joy fell upon

trust, as she bent over him and whispered

"I think, Uncle Harvey, you deserve a good scolding for giving us such a scare," Hun answered for her, "If it hadn't been for my excellent nursing there's no knowing what would have happened to you. Aunt Isabel and that big-eyed doctor were glowering over you like a comple of innatics when I came to the rescue."

He was too weak to reply to her lively sailes, but he pressed his wife's hand with a feeble energy.

It seemed as if she could not be demonstrative enough after the long period of cold indecision through which she had passed; she knew now that she had loved him for months when she had imagined herself grateful only, and she sighed as the thought how his kind and noble heart must have been wounded by her coldness. and she strove to make amends by showing him every phase of tenderness her full heart could devise.

"I think I must go home how," said Lillian, playfully, the next day. "I have resgued one fortorn man from a premature fate, and I shall have another to drag from the brink of despair if I do not get back to Raiph. Mamma says he wanders to and fro like the disconsolate ghost of Melan-

"I little thought that your long-talked-of visit was to be such a doleful affair as this." said Isabel. "But, indeed, Lillian, you do not know how much you have belped me." "I assure you I take full credit to myself for all I have done." she answered, will fully. "I do believe Uncle Harvey got up this little diversion just for the purpose of testing the affection of his friends."

"Then I descrived to be disappointed, didn't I?" he said, weakly. He enjoyed her bright raillery, as it showed him that he was once more among flesh and blood people instead of the dim and ghostly forms among which he had moved during the weeks when his diseased fancy had distorted every thing about him into unreal shapes. Isabel was not disappointed in Lillian; the bright, sweet girl was just the generous, whole souled little woman she had imagined her to be, and a warm affection had sprung up between them.

"You have forgiven me, then, for marrying your uncie!" Isabel said, mischlevously. as they were waiting in the drawing-room for the carriage which was to take Lillian

"Yes," she replied, promptly, "and have given you my blessing, figuratively speaking." Then more thoughtfully: "Your case is only another demonstration of the fact which mamma and I have argued over ever since I went in pinafores, that a person's position in life does not necessarily deter-

mine all his qualities of head and heart." "Well, what do you think of her?" said Mrs. Stanford, after Lillian's return, and when other inquiries had been answered. "I think Uncle Harvey might have hunted the city over without finding any one so perfectly suited to him as Aunt Isabel," re-

plied Lillian, warmly. "Even if she was a plebeian shop-girl," said Mr. Stanford. with a smile.

"I'm afraid the blue blood of the Carringtons would boil if they should hear you speak of their kinswoman under that title," and Lillian laughed. "Aunt Isabel told me that Major Carrington was terribly shocked when she told him how she had been forced to earn a living " Harvey Fulconer's return to health was as

rapid as could be expected, considering his extreme weakness, and he was as yet but the pallid ghost of himself as he sat up in his easy chair, or laid upon the puffy cushioned lounge in the home room. It was now long past Christmas and they had received an urgent invitation from Major Carrington to spend the remainder

enough to travel. Dr. Conroy had advised should be taken at once to the rooms they the change of climate, and Mr. Falconer. with his blood debilitated and chilled by

sickness, looked forward to it gratefully. Dr. Coursy had been like a brother in this time of trouble, and the Falconers, was had respected and admired him before, were now bound to him by the ties of affection as

He who comes to us in our hour of trouble not only makes himself our friend, but commands affection also, and the earnest, faithful physician not only heals the sickness by the aid of his skillful knowledge, but brings his sympathy, his southing word and kindly touch, winning a prace for

Dr. Conroy was one of these who brought his heart with bim to the sick chamber. Many a mother could testify that he had ministered to her sick babe as tenderly as

if it had been his own. nature which had endeared him to Lettle. Ford, and with him affection for the fair, sweet girl, so genue and unfew visits before he became conscous that she was the car woman of all the world whom he wished to call his wife, and as he time in snowing her his heart.

She was steadily improving under bis the toilet. care, and could now walk with one crutch with but little pain, and there was every reason to hope that her recovery was to be complete, and she was preparing for the visit at home with great delight.

"Lottie, dear," said Isabel as they sat in her cheerful room, "you will spend the time with us before your marriage, will you not? We shall return in February, and I shall hope to see you soon after we come home.

"Yes," replied Lottle; "Malcolin wishes me to remain under treatment for some time yet. He is thinking be can get father



MAJOR CARRINGTON MET THE THAVELEDS. better employment here than he has to New York. If it were not for that I should feel as if I must plas my last mostle of malden life with mother.

"Oh, isn't that lovely?" cried Isabel, "if you can have the little mother near you be will have to adopt me, ten, for I long for mother so," and she gave a sigh for the and Cate to belp them dress?" 1 set mother in her grave.

Mother's heart is large enough for " both," replied Lottle, smiling, "and I calfear that I shall have occasion to be jen our of you. They will come is the spring, if all works as we expect, and as Dr. Cenrey is almost positive it will.

Then I fear I am to be disappointed to having the pleasure of making a darling inthe west-ling for you," said Isabel, a shade coming over her face. "I had anticipated wear it cropped close," said Adelaide, longer in setting well. This has obturred having such a quite select affair."

"Well," replied Lettie, "you and mother may decide that when the time comes, for I must confess that with father and mother here, your home would seem as much like my home as any place could. You during," said Isabel, relieved.

"Then I shall coax our mother until she to obliged to consent to be rid of me; of course you will go to housekeeping at once." "Yes, Dr. Conrey is so touroughly tired

of boarding, though upon what scale I am sure I know not; I have never questioned Not a pinched one, my dear," said Isa-

bel, nodeing her head knowingly. "The doctor is far from being a poor man." "I am glad of that." said Lottle, sweetly "I had feared so much that I might be a bindrance to him, if he was yet poor, and struggling for success, but if he can afford such an expensive luxury as a weakly wife is liable to be, I shall feel better satisfied. for of course it would be folly for me to ex-

pect to be as strong as many are." "Yes, my little friend, you might as well decide that you are never going to bear the world on those siender shoulders of yours. and save yourself some inevitable disappointment; but you have a mission of sweetness and patience, which no one but you can accomplish, and which the most of as would fail in. So be comforted, my dear; it seems to be one of the compensations of e that the weakness of the fiesh ados

strength and grace to the spirit." Major Carrington met the travelers at the station when they alighted, and welcomed them with warm Southern hospitality. Mr. Falconer had borne the journey even better than be expected, and though languid and pale, was in good spirits, and

prepared to be pleased with all he saw. A roomy traveling carriage was waiting for them, and the burly, colored coachman as she came forward, for the news had spread among the older colored people that on the place ever since he was born, before the war as a slave, since as a hired serv-

of elms, from which the place was named, Elm Park, the carriage winding through them, past a miniature lake, and bank after pank of roses and other flowers, which, though not in bloom, were jet green and suggestive of their summer beauties. The house was a fine specimen of a Southern home, wide verandas on all sides, supported by heavy pillars, around which twined wide spreading brauches of the levely Baltimore Belle, Marechal Niel rose and clustering ciematis.

My dear girl, welcome, thrice welcome to our home," said Mrs. Carrington, a tall, stately lady, who came out upon the verands to meet them, taking her in a warm

"And here is Caroline, waiting to welcome her cousin," said the Major, as a tall, graceful girl, and the 'mage of her mother, came to the door of the ball, while Mrs. Carrington gracefully welcomed Mr. Falconer and Gracie. Caroline grasped Isabel's hand with cousinly warmth, and then introduced her to Adelaide, her sister, also tall and graceful, but with more of the Carrington style of features.

Isabel could scarcely control her emotions as she entered the house, though she could not have analyzed her feelings, but Mrs. Carrington coming in was quick to observe and assign a reason for her agitation, and kindly led her to a small sitting room off the hall, and, summoning a portly colored woman, she gave directions that the guests

were to occupy. "Dinner will be served in about an bour if that will give you time to rest," said the ANIMAL'S THAT YIELD BOTH PROFIT Major, as they were ascending the stairs.

"Plenty of time," replied Mr. Falconer "A tath and a five minutes nap will render mo, at least, capable of doing full justice to | Why Not Try Augura Contst - They Will

"My darling!" said Mr. Falconer, tenderly, as Durah, after stirring the are in the grate, which was, at this senion of the year, necessary even in the sunny South and showing Isabel where to find clothespress and both rooms, at last disappeared, himself in our hearts which no other can tears, and drew her to his arms. "I am so are now very fushionable again. The Anangely happy," she said, as she leaned her head upon his sheltering breast and

burst into tears of excitement. he said, smoothing her hair gently, as he and said of the southern states; still, the removed her hat, "and you have need of all Angora has been tried with perfect suc-It was this element of tenue coess in his your fortifude to take you through it with bess in New England. On the Pacific out over-taxing your nerves." She was posst there are large flocks of those ani-

trembling even new like a leaf. complaining in her suffering, had sprung had become more calm. "I forgot in my up spontaneously, and he had become more calm. "I forgot in my which goes a long way in their favor. was a straightforward man, he had lost no to be down upon an easy couch, while she tway from that flock as if it was poison opened trunks, and made preparations for

They were large, airy rooms which had been given them, the windows opening out upon a celightful prospect, with distant Richmond just appearing in view. "On, how funny," said Gracie, who had

been exploring the bedrooms and looking from the windows. "There's just ever so many little bits of houses out this way: does Major Carrington have tenement houses to rent ("

"Yes, my dear," replied her father, smilling at her natural mistake; "but the tenants are his own working people-thesa colored people you say about the placewho, with their families, occupy these nouses."

said Caroline, as she langually dropped into to 52 cents in New York, and from 45

Carrington. Alicia when you see her again, 'remarked angora is extremely hardy, and is less too Major. "By the way, where is Ches. liable to disease than the sheep. It will

day," answered his wife, "and though I furnish the delicacies of the bills in the told him his daughter was coming, it seemed to make no impression upon his mind, and he has wandered off." analously.

usual, and he will take care of him." "I wonder Mrs. Pembreke is not bere," said Adelaide, looking from the window "I fear meeting so many of us at once is there going to be very exciting for Cousin Isabel.

noticed her hand trembled in mine when her, said Major Carrington. "Her hus and 1.720.402 pounds more, which was band's sickness has, doubtless, been a imported. Here is certainly one market strain upon her herces."

"Mamma, oughtn't see to send Lizette

"I hardly know what they have been accustomed to," replied Mrs. Carrington.

"I think, my dear," laughed the Major, "that my niece would consider a dressing could see, that in about a month it ap-

with heavy braids, a toss. "Still, if you had always been accustomed to being your own hair dresser." re-

marked Caroline.

gave her her directions. "Pears like dem Northern ladies ain't fust q il' y no how," was Lizette's disaccustomed to such assistance, and looked upon it as more of a bindrance than a help. except in excep ional cases. "But, den, I

spec's it all in de brungin' up," she con-

cluded, philosophically. A carriage was at the door as Lizette reached the hall, and Major Carrington was handing out an old lady with tender respect. It was Mrs. Pembroke, and she said eagerly as she took his offered arm; "Has she come?"

## TO BE CONTINUED.

There was once a farmer that dreamed he died and went to bell. Arrived there, he could see none of his calling. Farmer Are there no farmers here?" he asked in amazement of the devil. "Oh, yes," said the devil, "plenty of them-plenty of farmers here." "Well, where are gallon of boiling water and adding four they" "Come with me and I'll show ounces of those so of sulphur. The liquid you." So the fel ow followed the devil, a well stirred until it cooks down to w to took him to a great drying house. 120 degs., when the sheep are dipped looked curiously, yet respectfully, at Isabel, He threw open the door and there were in it. A vat or tub is used for the row upon row of farmers hanging by the dipping, and after the application the heels. "What are they hanging up for" surplus deport is squeezed out of the coming, and this faithful fellow had been asked the fellow. "Well," said the dev- wool on a startable platform so arranged il. "those are the farmers who voted for The heat is kept up by adding fresh lihigh protective tariff and they were so quid from a boiler kept near by. If there A ride of a few miles through lovely green that we had to hang them up by are lambs these should be dipped if they scenery brought them to the natural park | the heels before we burned them."- have been a posed to the contagion, and Carroll (Iowa) Sentinel.

> er recorded so strange a contest as that which took place in Kentucky Sunday harbor in the skin are reached.-Rural morning. One of the combatants had New Yorker. lost part of his right arm and the other was missing part of his left. After a fierce fight of six rounds the right-armed sporting fraternity are greatly aroused over so singular an exhibition.

#### The Cow for Butter. The richest milk is what we want for

butter making; rich in its solids, and especially rich in its proportion of fat. An animal which will give us milk of which seven or eight quarts will make a pound of butter is far better adapted to butter making than an animal which will give much more milk, but milk which will require twelve or thirteen quarts to make a pound of butter. So we must watch carefully, for the cow that will give us 9,000 or 10,000 pounds of milk in a year may be decidedly less profitable in a butter dairy than another cow that will give only 5,000 or 6,000 pounds in the same time .-- Southern Farmer.

## STOCK WORTH KEEPING.

AND PLEASURE

Thrive in Any Part of the Country, from California to New England-They Pisiteet Sheep from Dogs.

Why not rear Angera geats in this country? Their wood is used in the manu-He caw that she was on the verge of factors of mohair goods, and these goods gora or quohal goat can be riched anywhere that sheep can. Its native climate "It is a wenderful experience for you," in Asia Winor is similar to that of Texas "How sellish I am. 'she said, after she mals. They are more easily kept than he was trembing, too, in kes sympathy for it is said, and by those who have tried her. "Forgive me, dear." and she in her it, that if one Angora goat is put to run turn became the comforter, and forced him with a flock of sheep, the dogs will keep



The cleansed mohair fleece weighs about Meanwhile a discussion was going on be- four pounds. Its price, free of burrs and "She's pure Carrington, isn't she!" washed, ranged last year from 36 cents cents to 50 cents on the Pacific coast, "The very image of Chester," said Mrs. The woor is very long and silky, hanging "Her eyes and hair will remind you of in curb nearly to the animal's feet. The eat almost anything short of the tradi-"He is having one of his gloomy fits to- tional rubber boot and tomate care which old wong. For clearing fields as I was tures that have become foul with briars "He isn't alone?" said the Major, a little and wreels these little creatures are invaluable. They are very inquisitive and "On, no. I sent Pompey after him as great elitabers. It is likely that they will prove repectally desirable for the southern states, owing to the greater pasture rame in the sheep raising regums

Last year 685,106 pounds of module wood was mised in the Union. This "She is not looking as well as when I saw was all a sed up by the manufacturers, not yet overstocked.

The Horse Ductor. About eight months ago one of my People live so differently in the North and horses built his eye injuried one night and it "waterell and seemed to be feverish for a time, and then got well, so far as I "Well, I am sure if I were obliged to Peared one to tuling just as it dol before comb my own hair, I should soon decide to -only it was werse, and was a little jury, and I have thought that it had developed into what is known as "mooneye." The eye never gets completely "Habits are inexorable things," said well now after an attack; a white scum Mrs. Carrington, "and, for the present, I remains on the surface or ir the sub-will send Lizette to inquire if Mrs. Fai stance of the eye, and the large cannot coner would like her assistance in dress- see very much with that eye. What can be done for it?

A neat colored girl made her appearance Answer. - Periodic inflammation of in answer to the bell, and Mrs. Carrington the eye. commonly known as "mooneye," generally leads to total blindness. Many times it attacks one eye periodisatisfied comment as she descended the cally until it is entirely blind, and then stairs, after Isabel had kindly declined her attacks the other eye and produces like services at her toilet. She had never been results. It is thought by some to be due to a morbid condition of the system having a special effect on the eyes; others think poor ventilation and bad sanitary conditions are the chief causal factors. The fact is the absolute or undisputed cause of periodic aphthalmia is unknown. The great majority of cases defy treatment. Good care and proper sanitary conditions should be strictly observed. Wash the inflamed eye once or twice daily with warm water; and, as a lotion, ne grain of atropia, five grains of iodide of potassimu and one ounce of water may be used by putting a few drops in the eye after washing it. - Dakota

## that Scab in Sheep.

A dep in common use is made by steeping one pound of strong tobacco to each the whole flock should be treated for the same reason. The liquid is thoroughly -The history of prize tighting has nev worked into the wool and the scabby sores which are broken off by rubbing with a corn cob until the mites which

## Mule Distemper.

I had a mule running in a pasture with man won with a swinging blow. The a number of mules and colts which had the distemper; but this one, without any swelling, suddenly began to run at the nose and had great difficulty in getting his breath. He "gurgled" or "sniffed" the air through his mouth. What can be done in a case of that kind?

Answer.-It was a case of distemper where the pus cavity broke through the membrane lining the air passage and the pus was being carried away by way of the nostrils. Steam the animal by taking about a peck of bran in a sack, and pour boiling water on the bran; then hold the sack over the animal's nose, making him breathe the steam for twenty minutes. A little pine tar or carbolic acid may be put on the bran before you saturate it with hot water.-Dakota